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must keep out of sight. In the olden days, if a woman were to meet one of the *amro* carrying food to the novices, she would instantly have been speared. Now that killing is forbidden, the punishment is that all the *amro* and all the *kwigin* have sexual intercourse with her in the bush. Sometimes she dies under this treatment. In any case her husband has no right to be angry or to retaliate. An occurrence such as this is the only occasion when the *amro* are allowed sexual intercourse while the novices are in the bush. Continence is necessary for them because they have to put paint on the hair of the novices, and oil on their skins. It would be harmful to the boys if any one who had had contact with a woman were to touch them. The *kwigin*, who sleep in the village, must never touch the skin of the novices. The *kwigin* are not denied intercourse, but it must take place in the hut, not at the taro garden (a very usual practice at ordinary times). Should one of them break this rule, the taro belonging to the woman who owns the garden must be thrown away, and she is forbidden to cook any more food for the novices.

Before giving the food to the novices, the *amro* must scrape off the outside of each taro, where the women's hands have touched it. This they keep for themselves, giving the boys the centre part. Only a small quantity of food is allowed. The *tsunaun* novices must eat first, commoners are not permitted to take so much as a bite till they have finished. If this rule is broken the *amro* must tell the *kwigin*, and the *kwigin* tell the women not to cook any taro for the boys next day, and for the whole day they must go hungry. The taro belonging to the *tsunaun* is kept in a separate basket hung from the roof of the hut, and if this should fall down by accident, the boys must go without their next meal.

Deprivation of food is also the penalty for fighting among the novices. For this offence all the boys must fast for two or three days, the time apparently varying according to the severity of the fight. The *amro* and the *kwigin* may not eat either, nor may those of the women who have sons among the novices. The people of the village must abstain from fighting or quarrelling among themselves; if this rule is broken the offenders must kill a pig and make a feast for the rest of the people.

Sometimes a woman will give some extra food to the *kwigin* and say: 'You go and give this piece of taro to my son.' If this becomes known, the *tsunaun* of the village will send word to some one who

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881 688 754

knows how to 'make poison', and he will exercise his skill against the woman, so that she will shortly die.

881 514

The boys must have their only meal of the day early in the morning, before dawn. It is essential that they should have finished their meal before the women go out to relieve themselves, which they do as soon as dawn has broken; the fact that the boys are living a long way from the village is immaterial.

881 841 753

A woman who is menstruating may not cook taro for the novices, nor may any one else cook it in her hut. If this rule is broken the novices will become very ill, and will waste away till they are reduced to skin and bone. The taro must always be cooked while the children of the house are asleep. If a child cries while the taro is cooking, it must not be sent to the novices, or it would make them ill. While cooking for the boys a woman must stay in the hut all the time and watch the taro, she may not leave it even for a few moments for any reason whatever.

THE *WAPI* CEREMONY

881 574

When the time for the *wapi* ceremony approaches, word is sent round to a large number of villages within walking distance, inviting the men to attend. Enormous quantities of food must be provided for the visitors, for if the amount available is insufficient, serious trouble will ensue.

If there are a number of boys ready, and a sufficiency of food, a *wapi* ceremony may be held even if there are, in the villages constituting the group, boys waiting for the *watawutf*. But no *wapi* can take place for a long time after the final ceremony (*wasip-sip*) at which the hair is cut off. Boys who are of an age to put on the *upi* during such a period must wait.

The first of the two opportunities I had of witnessing the *wapi* ceremony occurred only a few days after I had taken up my residence at the village of Kurtatchi. Owing to some quarrel, the details of which I could not understand, no one from this village attended the ceremony, though they were apparently invited, as I was asked by several people why they had not come. It was held for the boys of the Hahon villages in the mountains between Soraken and Kunua. I received news of it from Mrs. Hadden, whose plantation hands had asked permission to attend.

After crossing the bay, we started inland from the coast near Soraken Plantation, being joined at intervals by crowds from other

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stick, and broke off a piece of the fibre of a bush banana and fastened it to the piece of wood that flew up into the air. Then she tried swinging it, and it cried out: 'Woo-o-o-o-o-o-o' (imitating the bull-roarer). The woman said: 'This belongs to me, I found it.'

Then she went to her village, and some women were sitting on the women's verandah. The woman put her load of firewood down at the back of her own hut, and called out to all the women: 'All of you come here, tell all the women to come together here.' Then all the women said: 'What do you want us to come for?' She said: 'You come, I want to show you something I found in the bush.' Then all the women came together. The men stayed at the *tagoan* (front, or men's verandah). Then the woman untied her load of firewood, and took out the piece of wood and showed it to all the women. They all looked at it, and said: 'Well, what of it? You get a piece of firewood and show it to us, what is it all about?' 'That thing, that 's all, by and by you will see, I will go and make it cry out.' Then she swung it, and the piece of wood cried out: 'Woo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o'. Then all the women said: 'True, true, you have found a good thing. It belongs to us, you found it.'

Then all the men came: 'What is that crying out here?' All the women said: 'Something belonging to us, this woman found it in the bush.' Then all the men went back to their own side of the huts and talked. 'Ah, we had better get this piece of wood, it can cry out.' So the men went and took it away from the women, and they killed all the women, all the grown women and all the girls, they killed them all, except some very tiny girls, hardly more than babies; they were allowed to live because they did not know about the bull-roarer properly. Then all the men tried the bull-roarer in front of the village, and the piece of wood cried out: 'Woo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o'. Then all the men said: 'Ah, true, this is a good thing we have got.' When the time for the *wapi* ceremony came, all the men cut down a tree and made bull-roarers with it, and tried them, and they cried out. Since then, the bull-roarer has always been used at the *wapi* ceremony.

Bull-roarers are kept most carefully out of sight of the women. In the olden days, if a woman accidentally caught sight of one, she was immediately put to death. Nowadays, since killing is forbidden by the Government, some one would 'make poison' against her, and thus bring about her death, for which, of course, no one would be found to blame.

The shape of the instrument is fairly uniform, resembling the accompanying sketch (Fig. 8). The size varies somewhat, some being considerably smaller than others. One of the two I brought home measured 25½ in. in length by 3¾ in. at its widest part, the

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I was alone on my verandah, one of the *upi* boys—a lad whom I should judge to be somewhere in his middle teens—came up, and with great secrecy, looking carefully round to make sure he was not observed, produced from the folds of his loin-cloth a bundle of leaves, tied up with fibre string. He said it contained a mixture used by men to gain the favours of a woman they desired. He asked me not to tell anybody that he had given it to me, because, as he was still wearing the *upi*, he was not supposed to have such things, and if the old men knew, they would 'make poison' against him and he would die. He had obtained it from a mountain native belonging to a distant village. It resembled, both in contents and in method of use, other 'medicines' of the same nature in my collection.

The boys are not under any restrictions as regards the discussion of sexual subjects. They contributed, at my 'story-telling evenings', stories and legends of sexual and non-sexual content in about the same proportions as did the other villagers.

Under no circumstances may any boy be seen by a woman without his *upi*. Strictly speaking, they are not supposed to take it off, except in the privacy of their *tobar*, but in practice they sometimes remove it when away in the bush, especially when they do anything liable to injure it. Shortly after I first came to Kurtatchi I was out with two of the older men and several of the *upi* boys. One of the men told a small boy to climb a coco-nut palm and get us some coco-nuts to drink, and to take off his *upi* before doing so. He looked at me with a frightened grimace, and refused. The older man told him that I was 'just the same as a man' and that it did not matter if I saw him without his *upi*. He was still unwilling to remove it, so another boy was sent up. He took off the hat, and a roll of black cloth which helped to keep it in place, laying both carefully under a bush. Two other boys were set to watch the path in both directions, in case any women should come in sight. They explained that the women did not know about the roll of cloth, which was put in because the boy's hair had not yet grown long enough to keep the *upi* in place. It was hardly down to his shoulders; they said it had not been growing very long. Before they had any cloth they used bundles of grass. If a man saw one of the boys with this roll showing, he would take the careless youth aside and tell him to go into the *tobar* and put his *upi* on properly.

In the olden days, if a woman saw a boy without his *upi* she

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would have been speared to death. Though the death penalty can no longer be exacted, there is still a very real horror of this inadvertently occurring. One unfortunate little boy was afflicted with head lice to such an extent that his hair began to fall out badly. This was attributed to the fact that he had eaten canarium almonds which are taboo to boys wearing the *upi*. When the top of his head was quite bald, leaving only a fringe of hair round the outside of his *upi*, the men became afraid that the hat might fall off in the presence of the women. They decided to forestall that catastrophe, and take off the hat with proper ritual. One of the men came to tell me it was going to be done, and asked if I wished to be present.

The hat was removed in the *tobar* of the clan Naboin, to which the boy belonged. This should have been done by the boy's *amro*, but as he was away from the village at the time, his brother officiated instead. As soon as the *upi* had been removed, the same man cut off the wisp of hair that remained and covered the whole head with paint, black in front and at the back, with a broad streak of red in the middle, running from ear to ear. The usual method of painting for ceremonial purposes is from front to back; the pattern here used is especially sanctioned for the removal of the *upi* and is put on at the *wasipsip* ceremony. Three of the older men were looking on. No one spoke above a whisper. The boy looked very crestfallen, and it was evidently all he could do not to cry. As he was one of the smallest of the *upi* boys, his age would be somewhere about ten probably. His status in the village is not affected, but he will not be able to take part in the *watawutʃ* with his companions, which is a bitter disappointment to him. He stayed inside the *tobar* for the rest of the day. He was free to leave it had he wished, but he was very self-conscious, and dreaded being seen by the women without his *upi*. The older men legitimized its removal by partaking of ceremonial pudding specially prepared, made in lengths instead of rolls, and called *gōgi*. After sundown the *upi* was taken to pieces, and the upper part, made of leaves, with part of the cane frame, was burnt inside the *tobar*. The lower part of the frame is made of a large variety of bamboo which does not grow in the district but must be bought from the mountain people. With an eye to economy, this was saved and hung up from the rafters, to be used again.

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881 313 creepers, for eight days. They were then stripped of their coverings by the *upi* boys, and left to dry in the sun till they should be required for the building of the 'long house'.

881 313 621 The *tartaras* (rafters) for the long house were also provided by the people of Tabut. These were brought in some days later, with renewed shouting and excitement, covered with leaves and the split leaves of young *win* palm in the same manner as the *pa'i*. But the occasion was regarded as much less important than the bringing in of the *pa'i*, and there was no *kōma* connected with it.

881 834 ●688 From the time when the *pa'i* are cut, up to the time when the *watawutf* takes place, it is accounted a very serious offence for any man in any of the villages concerned in the ceremony to have sexual intercourse with any woman other than his wife or wives, a proceeding ordinarily regarded with unconcern. It so happened that while the people of Tabut were working on the *pa'i* for the *watawutf* to be held at Kurtatchi, a man from one of the hamlets comprising the village of Tabut broke this taboo. The woman became pregnant, and was made to tell the name of her lover. As soon as this became known at Kurtatchi, some of the men of that village took a pole and tied some fibre to it; this they left in front of the house where the offender lived, as a sign that he had been found out. He was then obliged to pay a fine of a pig to the Kurtatchi people. Two of the Kurtatchi men went over the next day and brought the pig back; it was cut up and cooked immediately, and the *pa'i* were smeared with its fat. This was done in order to obviate the harm that might otherwise have ensued from the breaking of the taboo.

881 292 824 386 438 The next matter of importance was to arrange for the making of the special *upi*, to be used at the *watawutf*. These are elaborately ornamented with a cut-out pattern laid on over the usual *win* leaves. The cut-out is made of the same *win* palm leaves, dyed with a special dye, the secret of which is known only to the mountain people, from whom the leaves are purchased ready dyed. When, shortly before, I had gone upon a trip into the interior, I was charged by Pinari to bring back a supply of these from the Kunua people, who were experts in the art of dyeing them. This I did, and was also able to obtain from a Kunua native the secret of the dye, after promising that I would not disclose it to the coast people, a promise which it was not difficult to keep, as they had no idea that the mountain people had let me into the secret. The

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day the women must leave the village at sunrise, and go to the bush or to the shore. They cannot stop in the village while the work is actually in progress, but they may come back at sunset, when the men have ceased working on the hats for the day, and may sleep in their own huts. The *amro* and the *kwigin* attend at the *tobar*; it is their province to make the hats, the duty of the Hahon people being merely to cut the patterns from the red leaves. These village men are allowed to go to their own huts to sleep, and they are not forbidden sexual intercourse with their wives during this period. The *upi* boys, who would normally be sleeping in the *tobar*, must avoid those in which the work is being done, and find themselves quarters elsewhere. The *tsunaun* of the village sit in the *tobar* while the work is in progress, but take no part in it. No word must be spoken in the *tobar* while the patterns are being cut out. All the time it is essential that the workers should be well fed, and word is sent to the other villages of the group to bring in pig-meat for the men who are making the hats. The *upi* boys collect large quantities of areca-nut and betel-pepper and coco-nuts for them. The work goes on for several days, until each boy in the group is provided with his special hat. When all are finished, the slit-gong is beaten to let every one know that the making of the hats is over.

A story in my collection, related to me independently of any discussion of the ceremony, is here given as it illustrates the state of tension that prevails in the village at this time:

The people were busy making the hats for the *watawutf*. Ten men were cutting the patterns for ten hats. A woman went to cut firewood; she came back, and threw her load of firewood on to the ground. All the men in the *tobar* jumped up angrily. They asked: 'Who is that there?' They said to one man: 'You go and see who it is making a noise with a bundle of firewood.' The man went and saw the woman, she had thrown down her load of firewood. The man saw her. He went back into the *tobar* and said: 'It is a woman, she is throwing down a load of firewood.' The men all got up, they were very angry, they broke the patterns they were cutting. A *tsunaun* said: 'Go and seize her.' Two men went out and seized her; they pushed her into the *tobar*. They asked her: 'Don't you know this thing is very sacred? You defecate into my hands.' (This was explained to me as meaning: 'You don't know much.') Then all the men had connexion with the woman in the *tobar*. When they had all had connexion with her once, they killed her, and cooked her in a pot in the *tobar* and ate her. Then they cut patterns for the hats a second time, they cut ten. When night came, they lit torches;

881 294 686 [539] they wanted the *tsunaun* to see the hats they had made. All the men who were *tsunaun* said: 'They are good. You go now and eat some pig. You are making very sacred things.'

The teller of this story volunteered the statement that nowadays, if a woman behaved as did the woman in the tale, they would not be able to kill her, because the Government had forbidden it. [754] They would all have intercourse with her, and then somebody would 'make poison' against her and she would die, but it would not be known who was responsible for her death.

PRELIMINARIES

881 [342] When all the preparations are complete, a hut is built in the bush, and the boys must sleep there for two nights. The *amro* accompany them. During this time the boys are not allowed to eat anything except one small piece of taro. The reason given for this abstinence is that if they were to eat too much they would be too heavy to be carried on the shoulders of the *amro* during the ceremony.

881 621 574 While the boys are in the bush, the people of the village where the *wataiwutf* is to be held set up platforms in the centre of the village and cover them with food. All the villages which are sending boys to the ceremony help in providing this food. Vast quantities are required, as people come from villages scattered over a wide area. At the one to be held at Kurtatchi they were expecting contingents from the whole of the north coast of Bougainville and all the islands of Buka. Failure to provide enough food for the assembled multitude would in the olden days have resulted in a fight ending in the breaking up of the village, and even now resentment would be shown by wanton damage to taro crops and coco-nut palms, if nothing worse.

881 417 324 Meanwhile, a palisade has been erected round the 'long house', so high that the women cannot see over it. Then the men go into the bush and fetch two tall trees. Young canarium almonds are frequently chosen for this purpose, owing to their tall slender trunks, though they are not felled under ordinary circumstances, as their nuts are highly prized as an article of diet. If there is a *wapi* ceremony going on anywhere in the neighbourhood, these trees must be pulled up by the roots instead of being felled, otherwise the *urar* who are about in the bush will be angry.

881 824 The selected trees are called *roror*. They are brought near, but

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the withdrawal of the novices into the bush for their seclusion preparatory to the *wapi* ceremony is not only the formal expression of their fear lest harm should befall the boys in their new and perilous adventure, but also an occasion for the shedding of real tears over the son who is no longer a baby—an intensified form of the feeling 'he isn't mine any more', of the English mother when her son first goes to boarding-school, mingled, as in her case, with pride in the boy who is on his way to become a man. With regard to the boys, it is no easier to get at the real feelings of a Melanesian youth than it is with his English counterpart, but I think that, except in the case of the boy who takes the step at too early an age, pride in his new status definitely triumphs over any regret he may feel at losing contact with his mother and sisters. An atmosphere of mysterious importance surrounds him all the time he wears the *upi*. I have often been out with a group of women when they have suddenly scattered from the narrow track into the bush, with a whisper of '*Upi!*' to make way for a party of boys returning from some ploy of their own. I have walked with women, who were carrying a heavy load, through an extra mile of long wet grass to reach the village by a roundabout track in order not to pass too close to the *tobar*. If I had occasion, as sometimes occurred, to speak sharply to one of these boys for some reason of my own, looks of horror from any woman who happened to be within hearing distance indicated that I had failed in the respect due to the hat. In all the discussions I had with both men and women, the same deference was paid to the *upi*. It has a marked effect on the psychology of the village. The women in particular seem never to be entirely free from a certain compulsion—oppression is perhaps too strong a word—connected with it.

The *upi* itself is apparently only a symbol. The really important thing is the hair, which is pushed up inside it, and must be kept hidden under it. The purpose of the preliminary seclusion in the bush is to give the hair time to grow long enough to keep the *upi* in position, and the reason for the fear of the hat falling off or being jerked out of place is that the hair would then be seen. If a woman were to catch sight of it she would be put to death.

It is, of course, very tempting to quote the parallel of Samson, and to see in the flowing locks the source of the youth's strength, of which the glance of a woman might deprive him, but I could find no evidence that any such motive was present.

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88| 182 There is, in the *wapi* ceremony, quite definitely the motive, familiar to anthropologists in the Duk-duk and other secret societies, of hoodwinking the women. To impress upon them the great power of the *urar* who will presently kill their sons, large areas of bush will be laid waste, and even groves of areca-palms in full bearing will be cut down, although the areca-nut is one of the most highly valued delicacies known to the natives, and is far from plentiful in this area. This destruction is clearly for the sole benefit of the women, since the novices do not see the result of it, or at least, not until after they have been enlightened as to the real interpretation of the *urar*. On both occasions of my attendance at the *wapi* ceremony the men took great pains to impress upon me that I must on no account betray their secret to the women, a promise which, of course, I faithfully kept. The question now arises, how far are the women really hoodwinked by all this mystery? In the case of the older women, I am pretty sure they know more than [688] the men would like to think they did, but since the penalty of knowing these things is death—formerly direct, by spear thrust, nowadays indirect, by 'poison'—it is a wise woman who keeps her own counsel. Even to me, in private conversation, they permitted themselves no more than a tone of the voice or a gleam in the eye, and these are the only evidence on which I came to the conclusion I have just stated. To the younger women, I am inclined to think, the mystery is really a mystery. The shrieks of terror which came from the crowd when the *urar* figure appeared to them (that is, its head and shoulders, at a considerable distance, as previously described) were certainly not merely 'ritual feigning', many of the women grabbing their babies and rushing off into the bush, hysterical with terror. On my return to the village, the women made persistent attempts to get me to tell them what I had seen, but I was able to keep my promise to the men without offending the women by telling them that I was frightened, an excuse which they appeared to understand.

[534] There is no doubt whatever about the value of the bull-roarer for impressing the uninstructed. Its sound, once heard, remains a vivid memory, and even a hardened anthropologist cannot hear that ominous roar booming through the forest without feeling its power, and forgetting, for the moment, that it is caused by a bit of wood twirled on the end of a string.

The bull-roarer and the *urar* figures whose voice it is supposed

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If a boy wearing the *upi* enters a hut in which a woman lives. Present punishment, some one will 'make poison' so that he will die, and no one will know who did it. 266 689

If a woman sees the *amro* carrying food to the novices during their seclusion in the bush prior to the first puberty ceremony (see p. 201). Present punishment, all the *amro* and all the *kwigin* have sexual intercourse with her. 266 688 ●

Cannibalism is now prohibited under the jurisdiction of the white man, and no longer takes place, even in secret, I believe, among the coastal people. How long it is since the last person was eaten it was impossible to ascertain; most of the older men in the village of Kurtatchi confessed—or perhaps I should say boasted—that they had eaten man, with what truth I cannot say. None of the younger or middle-aged men claimed to have done so. I was told that the practice is still carried on by the people of the mountainous interior of Bougainville, and as these have not yet, in some areas, come under white supervision, it may well be that this is the case. 266 177

THE PLACE OF THE *URAR*

This account of the after-world was obtained from Sobak, an elderly man. The details have all been subsequently corroborated in accounts given by other individuals, or in the course of discussions arising out of certain myths and stories. 775

The place where people go when they die is ruled over by two brothers, named Tosisiup and Magor. Tosisiup is big, Magor is little. The home of both is the volcano called Tupa'i.[1] Tosisiup lives at the top. When he likes he makes fire come out of it. Magor lives under it. When he turns himself there is an earthquake. Tosisiup tells him to stop making the ground shake, because he is sorry for all the people who fall down. 823

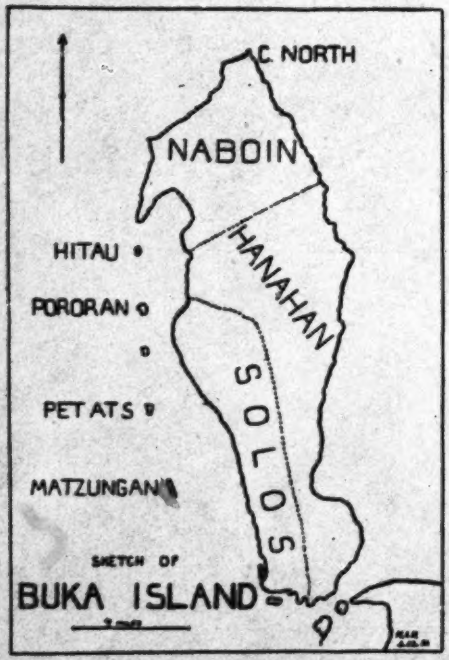
All the people who die go to the volcano. When a man is going to die, fire comes up out of it. Magor prepares food for him and puts fire in the food. He cooks taro to give to the man who dies. The man goes and sits down in front of Tosisiup. Magor asks him: 'What are you doing?' 'I am dead. Somebody has made poison for me.' Tosisiup says: 'Don't you know who it was? I

[1] This is the active volcano in the northern half of Bougainville, which appears on the map as Balbi. It is not the same as the volcano which figures in the beliefs of the Buin of South Bougainville, called Bareka or Bagano (cf. Wheeler, 1914, p. 103, &c.). 133

out great plantations for them, are kept under rather strict control, and if there is a shortage of food, the relatives must send the necessary things and put them down outside the high fence of the ahbassa burri. If any women should enter the ahbassa burri--which by the way never happens--then they would be killed; they are also killed if they accidentally catch sight of a Matasesen without his hassebou and are caught in the act. Such cases are reputedly not extremely rare. Thus it is understandable that the women stay as far away as possible from the place of residence of the Matasesen and their plantations. The women are told that at the ahbassa burri the Matasesen commune with spirits that are called Ruk. There are two different spirits: a male one, Ruk a tzon: and a female one, called Ruk a tahol. These spirits produce a noise that is so terrible and frightening to the ears of the women that they throw away their possessions and hastily run away. It is self-evident that the Marau and the Matasesen appropriate that which has been thrown away. The noise that sounds so terrible is actually harmless enough, for the instrument that produces it is a whirring rod that is swung with great rapidity overhead on a thin cord. Obviously this whirring rod is a secret that remains strictly concealed from the women. A visitor never gets to see one. On a short jaunt in Bougainville with some friendly coastal acquaintances it happened a few years ago that I caught up in the forest with a number of Matasesen who were returning from their plantation work. All of them were armed as usual with spears, bows and arrows, but one of them had in his hand a piece of wood whose use was unknown to me and which attracted my attention. But when I stepped up to the youth, he hid the instrument behind his back, and there arose a lively dispute among the companions as well as among my comrades. As a result the young man in question hastily slipped into the bushes and disappeared from my sight. At that time the incident was completely incomprehensible to me; despite all inquiries I could not find out the reason for this sudden disappearance and only years later did it occur to me that the harmless whirring rod had been the cause.

When the hair finally completely fills the hassebou, a great festivity is held within the ahbassa burri, to which also the fathers and male relatives of the Matasesen are granted admittance. This festival lasts several days, and dancing and singing alternate with banquets; the men prepare every single dish. The women are strictly forbidden to approach the festival place, and the spirit voices of Ruk keep them at

mothers and relations of youths ready for initiation—show signs of great agitation; and owners of pigs commence wondering whether they will be called upon to supply one or two porkers from their precious herd. The ceremony is conducted by the head-men of a community, and it is these men who disappear into the bush and



create the cries of Ndook by medium of the bull-roarer and another instrument consisting of a half coconut shell with a small portion of a coconut leaf stretched across the opening. This, used in a manner similar to that in which children play on a comb and paper, creates a most eerie sound. Those men whom the head-men have decided should supply pigs are warned of this by a huge stick (used for carrying trussed pigs) being mysteriously thrust through the doors of their houses at night. Refusal to obey such an edict was, and sometimes still is, punishable by death.

4: Thomas U-5 (no date) 1931 ON6 Buka ON6
Pororan

fighting-men. This change is but another proof of the decadence of old-time customs in Buka.

Initiates of today range from nine to fifteen years of age. They undergo no particular preparation other than strict instructions to do as they are told by the older men. Initiates are called *tsoezen*, those already initiated are termed *putz-putzi*, and the chiefs, masters and headmen are known as *muri-na-lium*.

When a meeting of *muri-na-lium* decides to hold a Ndook ceremony (such decision being governed by the number of candidates available) word is sent to all *putz-putzi* one or two months prior to the fixed date. A general meeting is held and ways and means decided upon for obtaining taro; the making of *makot* (scraped taro and coconut oil); the guests to be invited; those *muri-na-lium* who will exhibit totem figures, and the number of *bahuan* figures that will be made. The supplying of pigs is left to one or two of the older chiefs who secretly despatch a third man to the houses of owners of good fat pigs. This man stealthily thrusts a thick stick, used for carrying trussed pigs, through the doors of the pig-owners. This is a direct sign from Ndook that the owner must provide a pig for the spirit. Failure to do so would entail death. Such penalties have been enforced even of late years.

The totem figures are called *malai*, and are representative of either the *kekilian* (bush fowl) or *naboin* (sea hawk) totems, which are the only two existing in Buka. The figures, carved from soft timber, take the form of a huge bird gaudily painted with native pigments, stencil ink purloined from some neighbouring plantation, or washing blue. They represent the spirit of a deceased chief or headman belonging to the *muri-na-lium* exhibiting the *malai*. Usually four or five *malai* appear at a ceremony from one village.

The *bahuan*, or secondary spirits (considering Ndook as being of the first order), consist of wooden images seven to eight feet high carved also from soft wood (see Plate II, A). They are attached at the base to long sticks which enable them to be lifted by the *putz-putzi*, who are covered with leaves or bushes. The *bahuan* also represent deceased chiefs of the same totem as the *muri-na-lium* exhibiting them. Keen rivalry is evinced in making these carvings. Sometimes the arms, mouth, tongue, penis or hands are manipulated

4: Thomas U-5 (no date) 1931 ON6 Buka ON6
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776 by means of a string. The *bahuan* shown in Plate II, B, was ac-
778 532 claimed a work of art by the spectators. It consisted of a frame-work of rattan covered with black calico, beneath which a *muri-na-lium* danced and gyrated.

881 Ceremonies are held in a special taboo area upon which no
688 woman is permitted at any time to tread. Any matters connected with Ndook are kept strictly secret from the women (*be-hay*, as Ndook has named them). If one of them trespasses on this ground, catches sight of a carving to be used in a ceremony, or acquires any knowledge of the Ndook, she is put to death even today.

881 A week to ten days prior to the date of the ceremony *putz-putzi*
776 are detailed to wander about the taboo ground operating the *liahan* and *rago*. The former is a bull-roarer which is looked upon as being the voice of the chief spirit or god. (The word *liahan* seems to signify god rather than a spirit, inasmuch as Liahan is the omnipotent creator of everything. He is invisible, and no attempt has been made to create his likeness in an image as has been done to spirits.)
[534] The *rago* is an oscillatory-ribbon-reed instrument[8] consisting of a portion of a coconut leaf tied between two thin strips of stick and fastened into half a coconut shell. A shrill piercing note is given out when the instrument is blown upon. The *rago* represents the cry of Ndook's wife. These cries are continued throughout the days and nights prior to the ceremony and increase in volume and frequency as the appointed day approaches. Along certain highways the travels of Ndook are marked by bushes being trampled down and small trees uprooted.

881 Guests from neighbouring islands arrive quietly during the night prior to the ceremony and land near the ceremonial ground, keeping hidden from any women and *tseezen*.

When all preparations have been made, *bahuan* and *malai* completed, beds for food erected, and the various *putz-putzi* detailed to their tasks of operating the *bahuan*, carrying *malai* or merely to act as members of the attacking party, the *tseezen* are called from their respective houses by six or seven *muri-na-lium*. They emerge
[384] half-fearfully with painted faces and hair oiled and smeared with

[8] *Notes and Queries*, Fifth Ed., page 303.

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red oxide paint and struggle to escape the retaining holds of their mothers. The *muri-na-lium* wildly brandish spears and axes to frighten the women.

All *tseezen* are then paraded in a circle as a farewell to their mothers and female relatives. The women fling themselves down upon the ground, crying and moaning and calling on their sons to remain with them rather than brave the dangers of Ndook. They work themselves into a paroxysm of fear and reach a stage bordering hysteria. (I have noted occasions when several women in throwing themselves upon the ground have become divested of their loin-cloths and, quite oblivious of the fact, have rolled about naked. At the present time a Pororan woman would ordinarily never do this. As the *tseezen* march around accompanied by the *muri-na-lium* the latter keep the women at a distance with the aid of their weapons. After half-an-hour or so the *tseezen* are led away to the ceremonial ground, followed as far as the boundary of the village by a wailing hysterical crowd of female relatives. When they arrive at the ground they are ranged in a line, together with their guards, who hold each one by the arm to prevent his escape.

From every direction there then arises the cry of the *liahan* and the squawking piercing notes of the *rago*. From the direction whence the *bahuan* and the *malai* will come then rise the shouts of the *muri-na-lium* and the *putz-putzi* as they slowly advance through the bush. As they emerge, covered in bush leaves or thin strips of coconut fronds (see Plate II, B), and carrying the images a small number of the *muri-na-lium* rush toward them and engage in a mock fight, their purpose being to make a pretence of defending the *tseezen* from the ravages of Ndook. Sometimes an attacker will rough-handle a *tseezen* for a few moments, but seldom is any bodily harm done in these conflicts. The *bahuan* and the *malai* are then placed in the centre of the clearing and are surrounded by the *putz-putzi*. Here they remain for a short space of time and are then taken away to the bush with much shouting, accompanied by the roarings of the *liahan* and cries of the *rago*. The *muri-na-lium* then explain to the newly-initiated youths the absolute necessity for strict secrecy to be maintained towards all *tseezen* and women in respect of what they have seen. The penalty following any breach is death.